

THE
GOLDEN PIPPIN:

AN

1607/459.

ENGLISH BURLETTA,

IN

THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF MIDAS.



D U B L I N :

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MDCCCLXXVI.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is but Justice to the absent Author to declare, in contradiction to many idle Reports, and injurious Paragraphs, that in this piece, as in his former, he only proposed an innocent Burlesque ; never thinking Ribaldry, Profaneness, or Personal Satire, a proper Entertainment for the Public, to whose experienced Candour and Indulgence he submits the following **BURLETTA.**

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

JUPITER,	Mr. REINHOLD.
MERCURY,	Mr. DU BELLAMY.
MOMUS,	Mr. QUICK.
PARIS,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
The DRAGON,	Mr. BURTON.

W O M E N.

JUNO,	Miss CATLEY.
PALLAS,	Mrs. BAKER.
VENUS,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
IRIS,	Miss VALOIS.
ERYNNIS,	Mr. BAKER.

T H E

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rising, discovers a Splendid Pavillion in the Clouds; JUNO, PALLAS, and VENUS at a Card-Table playing at Tredrille; on one Side a Table, with Goblets, &c. IRIS, in Waiting. During a Symphony, VENUS shuffles and deals. PALLAS frets at her bad Cards.

AIR. TRIO. Francesco.

PALLAS, JUNO, VENUS.

PALLAS.

I Pass—I've done so all the night.

Juno. I take a King,
I take a King.

Ven. Pray, Ladies, stay.
Pray, Ladies, stay.—I'll play alone.

Juno. } Again?—Bless me—again!

Pal. } Again!

Ven. } Di'monds are Trumps.

Pal. } Bless me!—again?

Juno. } (to Venus) You scarcely pass one hand
in ten.

Pal. } (peevishly) The Cards owe me a spite.

B

(to

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

(to Venus) This Lady knows you ;—so
do I.

You dealt the Cards—and we
could spy.

Ven (throws down her game) The Vol is won.

The Vol is won—with Matadors.

Pal.

Spadille at bottom—O fie!

Ven.

With Matadors.

Juno.

(to *Pallas*) Such hints are shocking, Mâm.

Pal.

Cheats are provoking, Mâm.

Ven.

Lord, such a rout!

Pal.

Cheats are provoking, Mâm.

Ven.

Lord, such a rout!

Juno.

(to *Pallas*.) Quite shocking—O fie!

Pal.

Cheats are provoking—O fie!

Ven.

But losers must have leave to pout.

Pal.

Cheats are provoking, Mâm.

Ven.

But losers must ha' leave to pout.

Juno.

(to *Pallas*) Such terms are shocking, Mâm.

Ven.

But losers, &c.

Pal.

Cheats are, &c.

Juno.

Such terms, &c. } O fie!

(*Juno and Pallas rise in heat, and come
forward. Venus sits still counting and
pocketing her gains.*)

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. (peevishly) Hang cards!

Juno.

You're out o'luck!

Pal.

As I'm a finner!

I hav'n't—since last Christmas—ris'n a winner.

Juno. That's hard!—So bad a run may well
chagrin one:

Venus is quite a dab.

Pal.

Dab!—She's—a keen one;

At



At all games—plays th' whole game.

Juno. Aye, aye!

Pal. Match none has;

For sleight of hand,—will flip an ace—with *Jonas*.

Juno. Gambles deep too!

Pal. Well may—who never loses:

At Putt, poor girls!—sh'as beggar'd the Nine
Muses;

Fine as a Queen o' gingerbread—parades it;

But ne'er has paid the wages of her Maids yet.

Juno. (*laughing*) Like enough—for the Graces,
—and 'tis scandalous,

Go mother-naked.——

Pal. (*with spleen*) Skin-flint!—so to randle us!
'Twould vex a saint.——

A I R. II. Dooralin.

A thriving trade

The nimming jade

Has pick'd up, here, of chousing us;

With sly slim-flams,

And palming shams,

At Brothel learnt, or Bouzing-house!

[*Turning to Ven. insolently.*]

You must purloin,

In duds to shine

So dizen'd—there's no hoa wi' you;

But the next coin

You nab of mine,

By *Pam*! I'll pluck a crow wi' you.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. (in disapprobation) Nay,—*Pallas* !
[*Venus* advances to them, smiling jocosely at *Pallas*.]

Ven. (in banter) Miss,—you're—funny,
Poor dear !—has't lost it' temper with it' money ?
ha ! ha ! ha !

Pal. (exasperated.) Pert chitty face ! 'cause leud
fops call, you—pretty ;
You fancy those — patch-clenches — smart — and
witty.

Ven. (gibing) Pretty ! — the fools ! — do they,
indeed ? — Ah, tell us.

Pal. (contemptuously) Conceited moppet !

Ven. (waggishly) Sure, Miss,—you a'n't jealous,
[*Takes out a pocket-glass, and views herself*
affectedly.]

A I R III. *Laschi and Galluppi.*

If I have some—little—beauty—
Can I help it ?—No, not I ;—
Some good luck too—'tis my duty
Gifts so precious to apply.
Nature—Fortune—gave 'em freely ;
And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly.
If the Smarts of the Sky
Cringe, ogle, and sigh,
Whene'er I pass by ;
And cry,
Looky there !
What an air !
Gods, how fair !
Pray, why

(To

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

5

(To feed your starch'd pride)
Must I go and hide,
'Till you're made a bride?

Who, I?

No, no——If I do, may I die.

RECITATIVE.

Pal. (incensed) Don't rouse me, Bold-face!—if
your tongue's so flippant,
I'll take y'a chuck—as shall chop off the tip on't.

[*Pallas advances upon her; she takes
shelter behind Juno.*]

Ven. (in fear, screaming) I'll swear the peace:—
keep at arms-length, Virago!

(*To Juno whimpering*)

She'll brain me, Mâm!

Pal. (in spiteful rage)—Well, had I don't long
a-go.

Ven. (still whimpering) Your tongue's no slan-
der—for that, not a button.

Care I;—but I can't stand your fist o'mutton.

Juno (Aside, chuckling) Nuts to me, this—I
hope, 'twill be a scuffle;

(*to them*).

My stars! what was't cou'd thus your tempers
ruffle.

Pal. Her gibes.

Ven. Her rants.

Pal. Don't snouch then!

Ven. Don't you hector!

Juno (taking each by the hand)

Faults on both sides—sit down—come, I'll di-
rect here.

And *Iris*!—stir, wench!—fill about the nestar.

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Pal. Venus—your quips would patient Grisel
canker.

Howe'er, shake hands!

Ven. (giving her hand) Here, Miss, I bear no
rancour.

AIR IV. Touch the Thing, you Bastard.

[All sit, and *Iris* serves them with Nectar.]

Juno (sings) When bickrings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at Gamiorum;
The flame to cool,
My Golden Rule
Is—Push about the Jorum.

With fist on jug,
Coifs who can lug?
Or shew me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.

(They all drink.)

(Exeunt, merrily singing in Chorus)

The Golden Rule
Is—Push about the Jorum.

[Scene closes.]

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to a Wood.*

Enter Momus, in the habit of the Antique Court Jester. Walks to and fro impatiently.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Mom. By Jingo! if *Erynnis*—from the Hesperides,
Steals me the Dragon's Apple--we'll ha' merry days.
Augh!—ho!—oa!—(*yawning and stretching*)
Court's grown damn'd hum-drum:—*Jove*, poor Noodle!

Does nought but muddle.—
Juno too—turn'd so—mim, forsooth,
Butter will scarce melt in her mouth.
But th' Apple—yes—I'll throw—that squib
among 'em—
Shall stir the humours—as a wasp had stung 'em.

AIR V. Behind the Bush in the Garden.

To set at odds
These hair-brain'd Gods,
The turn of a straw or a pin does;
I make them fret,
Take pet,
Curvet,
And fling Heaven out o' the windows.

He, she, foul, handsome, all,
On wires I dance 'em all,
Jove of my puppets but is chief:
Sky, earth, and ocean,
I put in commotion;
I doat on a snug bit o' mischief.

[To

[*To him enter running, as from pursuit, Erynnis, holding the Golden Apple in her hand, and habited as an old witch.*]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ery. Here, *Momus*, 'tis—at last ;—I'm all o'er dripping.

Mo. Good Hag!—Now quick, to *Juno's* palace tripping,

Amongst the three Sultanas drop this Pippin.

Ery. That Dragon! Oh! we've had a-do most hellish.

Burn him!—for Pippins he has spoil'd my relish.

Mo. No fear ;—I'll fool him with some rigmarol,——

Pat on his back, and scratch his pol.——

Ery. But I——(*in terror*)

Mo. You——must plump down to Hell,—to *Pluto* ;

I've writ a card to him.——

Ery. (*trembling*) Any where,——*in tuto.*

[*The Dragon is heard roaring.*]

Mo. Off! off!

[*She takes to her heels, Momus skulks aside.—Enter impetuously the Dragon, searching on every side, during the symphony, to find her—then*]—

A I R

AIR VI. Francesco.

Dra. Stop thief! Stop thief!
 My Pippin!—Boh!—the varlet!—
 Hoh!—I'm out of breath!—
 Boh!—Could I clutch that harlot,
 Who wrought my grief,
 I'd be her death;
 Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!

[*Momus comes forth, and accosts him familiarly.*]

Mo. Ha,—my old friend!—how is't?

Dra. Saw you that Beldam,
Erynnis, scamper by?

Mo. Faith, Sir,—she—seldom
 Visits these parts:—yet pass'd—within this half-
 hour,
 Hobbling—to *Juno*,—with some fruit—you—
 gave her.

Dra. She lies,—she stole it:—Gave! give
 her a halter!

Her due.—The thief!—

Mo. Stole! ay, an old defaulter.—
 Sue out a warrant.—

Dra. Sue!—the Queen has got it,—
 I may go whistle—Piqued,—Repiqued,—Ca-
 potted!—

Mo. Pluck up,—talk big to her,—
 (*Aside*) I'll egg on this hot-head. }

AIR VII. DUO. Francesco.

Fluster,
 Bluster,

Strut

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Strut, Sir.—

Dra. But, Sir,
She'll picker and rail.

Mo. Why then roar, and whisk your tail.

Dra. Oh, Sir,
No, Sir,
Fair words—

Mo. Bare words
Never will prevail.

Dra. But I may be sent to Jail.

Mo. Mouthy, mealy!
Can't I bail ye?

Does your courage fail ye?

Dra. No; but, Sir,
'Twill make a Stir,

And *Jove* may demur.

And *Jove* may

Mo. On my word, he won't } demur.

Dra. Since you say
So, I may
Skur away.

Mo. Skur.

And be sure you put it home t' her:

Servant, Sir.

Dra. I shall pelt on, 'till I come t' her,
Whip and spur.

Mo. And be sure, &c. Servant, } Sir.

Dra. I shall pelt, &c. Thank you, }
[*Exeunt, severally, bowing.*]

S C E N E *shifts to Juno's Pavilion.*

A knocking; then Juno's bell rings vehemently. Enter Iris running. Juno, Pallas, and Venus enter on the other side.

RECI-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. High time, Miss Lazyboots! where ha' you been lolloping?

Iris. Sure, Mêm—at the first tinkle—I came galloping.

Juno. Who rapp'd?

Iris. Beau *Cupid*, Mêm, ask'd for

Miss *Pallas*.

[*Exit.*

Pal. For me? the Whelp!—I'd see him to the Gallows.

Ven. Gallows! Mâm. (*rising provok'd*)

Pal. Ay—'twill be his prank conclusive

As he goes on.

Ven. [*to Juno*] Mâm—she's downright abusive.

A I R VIII. Giordani.

(*to Pallas*)

But ah! Sweet Miss, your temper keep!

Your Peace my Boy shall ne'er invade;

Cupid shall not break your sleep,

You shall still remain a Maid.

All Ever-green

Be *Pallas* seen!

Laurels her learned brows adorn!

Baleful yew,

Cypress too!

Roses alone ne'er deck that thorn.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. I'd mince the blinkard—to a salmagondi,

[*Enter Iris in a fright to Juno, THE APPLE in her hand.*]

Iris. Oh! Mêm!

Juno. Are you bewitch'd, Girl?—What has stunn'd ye?

Has

Has seen a Ghost——

Iris. Worse, Mêm—that hag—*Erynnis.*

Juno. Got in, d'ye say?—I wou'dn't for five guineas——

Iris. In troth, I think, that Witch the Devil-
in-is.

AIR IX. Sweet, if you love me, &c.

1. Told by the Porter and the Page,
Not at home——

You'd ha' thought she'd burst with rage.
'Skips, I must see the Queen, and will—
Dear Ma'am, says I—the Queen is ill,
Takes *James's* Powder, and *Ward's* Pill,
Not at home,
Echo'd they to all her askings.

2. To this Pippin bid her smell,
[*Presents it to Juno.*]
Bid her smell,

I'll engage she'll soon be well.
I box'd the Fox this morn, says she,
And from th' *Hesperian* Dragon's Tree
Hoik'd off with 't to her Majesty:
So, bye! bye!
I must fly,
He's hard at my Galligaskins.

[*Exit.*]

[*Juno and Pallas alternately admire the Apple,
Venus desiring to look at it.*]

RECITATIVE.

Ven. With your leave, Mâ—

[*Receives and narrowly examines it.*]

Juno. (*to Pallas*) Suppose that three shares
equal

We make—

Pal. Oh— that—*Erynnis* might—not well take.

Ven. (*having surveyed it*) Bless us!—’t has
grown—with an inscription on it.

Pal. (*in gibe*) Have the snails trac’d a tag of
some—*French sonnet*?

Ven. (*nettled*) Nah, Miss; plain *English*—
and to Me directed,

(*insulting*) A wind-fall, Ladies!—yet—one
can’t reject it.

So, poz—I will not have—my goods
trifected.

Juno (*in surprize*) Yours!

Pal. (*with indignation*) Yours!

Ven. (*with provoking calmness*) Mine.

[*both take fire.*]

Pal. (*to Venus blustering*) By what right?

Juno (*to ditto, with insolence*) What title?—
Fool-y’!

Ven. (*with scorn*) What—when ye hear—will
make you both look bluely.

[*Reads to them distinctly the inscription,*
without RECITATIVE.]

TO THE FAIREST IN HEAV’N,
BE THIS APPLE GIV’N.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. (to *Juno*) Stand clear, Mâm—let me to
her— (to *Venus*) Shut your fly-trap,
Your title I'll soon quash else—with a tight rap.

Juno. (interposing) I bar blows—yet that Fruit
I'll have,—depend on't ;
'Tis mine (to *Venus*) so, give it me—and there's
an end on't.

A I R X. Arne.

Yield ; or beware, lest rage, disdain,
Resentment fire my mind !
The claim my rank, my charms sustain,
Shall never be resign'd.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. (to *Juno*) Nay, Madam!—Sure—my
claim's the more undoubted ;
So (to *Venus*) give it me—and say no more
about it.

Ven. (gently) Ladies, for Pow'r, Arms, Arts,
I don't dispute ye,
But—all the world (*bridling*) gives me the crack
for Beauty.

A I R XI. 'Twas you, Sir, &c.

My Title, my Title,
Will need no long recital.
Can you,
Or you,
Dispute the prize ?
If not—say who.

Pal.

Pal. You Maukin, you Maukin!
 What signifies your talking?
 Don't name
 That claim,
 If you be wise,
 Before us two.

Juno. Gads me! Gads me!
 Such rank conceit! It mads me.
 So pert
 A Flirt
 Shou'd brave the skies!
 What's here to do?

Ven. My Title,
Pal. You Maukin! } &c.
Juno. Gads me! }

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. You Trapes!

Pal. You Demi-rep! you hatter'd Dowdy,
 Nam'd of a day with us—you're—

Juno. Oh! No-body.

Ven. (*piqu'd*) Two to one's odds;—but, La-
 dies,—since you crow so,

Let Jove judge.

Juno. (*eagerly*) Done!

Pal. Done!

Ven. He's a Virtuoso

In female matters.

Pal. (*to Juno*) Is he?

Juno. Troth—but so, so.

[*Here they are alarm'd by a tumultuous roaring without. A Symphony of terror and confusion; at the close bursts in the Hesperian Dragon; Juno and Venus run into a corner affrighted. Pallas undaunted.*]

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A I R XII. Pantomime Tune.

Drag. Fe——Fa——Fum !
 I smell a rich perfume :
 My Pippin's in this room.
 I'll have it Crust and Crumb,
 Look ne'er so grum.
 Fe——Fa——Fum !
 If up with her I come,
 I'll strike *Erynnis* dumb,
 And make her pelt—my drum !

[*Crawls about roaring. Juno and Venus angry, yet terrified.*]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. (*from the corner*) Hark y'me, Dragon !
 you're a saucy fellow !
 I'll have ye kick'd down stairs.
Pal. (*in rage*) Vap'ring Ale-swiller !
Juno. (*to Pallas*) Tip him *Medusa's* Muz !
Pal. (*calling loudly*) Hand here my *Ægis* !
Dra. (*runs to and fro roaring*) Boh !—I'll indi&at
 you all—in Banco Regis. [*boh ! boh !*]

[*He roars, they scream, Pallas stamps ; a rapid Symphony.*]

Enter in haste MERCURY.

A I R XIII. Duncy.

Merc. O Death and Hell !
 Truce with this yell !
 'Blood ! why d'ye bawl so ?
 Keep the King's Peace within these walls, ho !
 Ladies

Ladies! you can't think it civil,
In Heaven to play the Devil!
And you—you frosty-face Dragon!
You to keep this bolly-rag on!

Do spare your lungs
This tear away;
Give your poor tongues
One holiday.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. (*Strutting up to Mercury*)
An' if you go to that—you pert Intruder!
By whose authority are you thus rude here?

R E C I T A T I V E accompanied.

Mer. Don *Jove*, our thunder-thumping Caliph,
From doze at Council-Board,
Upstarting with a bounce,
Rapp'd out,—Coxnouns!
Call me my Bailiff!
Scud, *Hermis*!—fetch me word,
Is *Billingsgate* transferr'd
To *Juno*'s Malepardus?—By the Lord,
Her Gossips Throats had need be of Bull-
leather.
'Tell 'em—I'll come—and tolt their Jolls
together.

AIR XIV. Philidor.

Quintetto.

Finale.

JUNO, VENUS, PALLAS, DRAGON,
MERCURY.

Juno. } I protest,—'tis this Beast—will not
rest.

Ven. } 'Tis this Beast—will not rest—I pro-
test.

Pal. } We've no rest ;—not the least,—for this
Beast.

Dra. } That's a jest ;—I protest—I'm op-
prest.

Merc. Silence !——I request you.

Juno. } I protest,
Ven. } 'Tis this Beast,
Pal. } We've no rest, } &c.
Dra. } That's a jest,

Merc. Silence !——or I must arrest you.

Juno. } I protest,
Ven. } 'Tis this Beast,
Pal. } We've no rest, } &c.
Dra. } Boh ! I'm opprest.

Merc. Hush !——cease, you were best.
You're all posselt.

Ven. Grown so furious,
So injurious,
Calls High Dames
Black-guard names—

Pal. Most injurious,
And Heaven makes
Ven. Quite a jakes.

Dra.

Dra. Say, what names?

Ven. Theft-receivers,

Jun. } We Three!

Ven. } Shelter-givers,

Pilf'ring jobbers,

Snacks with robbers.

Dra. Hear me!

Ven. } We, ——— We?

Pal. } I'd root the whole garden,

Ven. } We, ——— We?

Pal. } For one fardin.

Jun. } We receivers——Shelter-givers?

Pal. } We———Three?

Dra. } Death and blood!

Jun. } Pilf'ring jobbers——Snacks with robbers?

Pal. } We———Three?

Dra. Restore my goods!

Jun. } We, We, We, We?

Ven. } We wall-scalers?—We fruit-stealers?

Jun. } We, We, We, We?

Ven. } We, We, We, We?

Pal. } I'd root th' whole garden—for one fardin.

Jun. } We, We, We, We?

Ven. } We wall-scalers?—We fruit-stealers?

Merc. } 'Twas politeness,—with a witness.

Jun. } We wall-scalers?—We fruit-stealers?

Pal. } We———Three?

Dra. } For———my———fruit,

Jun. } We receivers?——Shelter-givers?

Pal. } We———Three?

Dra. } I'll———prosecute,

Jun. } We wall-scalers?—We fruit-stealers?

Ven. } Reptile——nauseous!

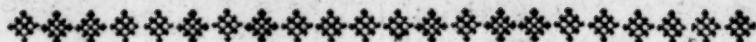
Pal. } They've my Pippin.

Jun.

Juno. } We receivers,—Shelter-givers ?
Ven. }
Pal. } Worm———audacious !
Dra. } In their keeping.
Juno. } Yes, receivers,—Shelter-givers ?
Ven. }
Dra. } No———No,
Merc. } Peace !—Peace !—Zouns !—cease.
Juno. } Yes, Receivers.—Yes, Receivers.
Ven. } Yes, I'll firk you, and jerk you, and yerker
 you.
Pal. } Brawling Pagan ! Hell-spawn'd Dragon !
Dra. } No——No——Not——so.
Juno. } I'll make you fly—or I'll know why.
Ven. } By cock and pie—you vamp or I.
Pal. } Hence to your sty—or, Filth! you die.
Merc. } Jove, by and by—your suit will try.
Dra. } A lie,—a lie,—just cut and dry.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T



A C T II.

SCENE, a Chamber in the Celestial Palace.

[Momus meets the Dragon in Chains, led to Prison
by one of the Furies.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

M O M U S.

AH, ah!—in Crib, Sir *Drag*? [laughs.]
Drag. (dolefully) Now, bail me, *Momus*!
Mom. I'd see you hang'd first. [Exit laughing.]
Drag. Get along,—and be curst!——
 Why did I trust a Courtier's Promise?

A I R I. A Stage Dance Tune.

Fool, fool in grain
 Is he,
 Fond and vain,
 Of brain
 Quite dizzy,
 Who, when out o'place,
 Hopes at Court an embrace.
 Nix, th' old fiend,
 Will first pretend,

For

For his own end,
To be your friend :
Caught in
The gin
Of sin,
He'll grin
At your disgrace.

[*The Fury lashes him on. Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Jupiter's Hall of Audience.*

Enter Momus laughing.

Mom. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!
Three Cats—I left 'em at it,—spitting,—scratching,
(*Seeing Jupiter*) Gad so!
Now, what can that wife Nob be hatching?
(*stands aside to observe.*)

Jupiter comes forward.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Jup. How shall I get this tangled hank unravell'd?

Put to my trumps, and gravell'd !
'Twou'd dumb-found Wizard Merlin, or Friar
Bacon ;
Aye, all the Square-caps from Oxford to Pekin.
No making head or tail on't—which way foe'er I
turn it——
If I know how to act—I'm a fous'd gurnet.

Ha !

Ha ! that Firebrand *Erynnis* !

(Cou'd I but trap her,

With what good will I'd strap her !)

I'll be hang'd, but 'twas she that kicked this
dust up,

None but she—mischief-maker !

(The Devil take her !)

Among my proud leash of Ninnies.

But—I—for her provide will ;

Yes—I'll have her fairly truss'd up,

Tho' the old Trot shou'd mount for't,

Who can call me to account for't ?

Or, if not strung — she shall — mill doll — in
Bridewell.

A I R II. Fischietti.

As Judge, Spouse, Progenitor,

What part shall I take ?

My character, as senator,

My name lies at stake.

Says Justice—What d'ye lag on ?

For shame !—content the Dragon.

'Then whispers court Favor,

'To bilk him will be braver.

What part shall I take ?

My choice is kept swinging,

Like Bow-bell a ringing.

Let go—then pull'd back,

Why, let them huff,

And jour and chide !

I'll save my buff,

Whate'er betide.

To shun domestic jangle,

This paltry Pippin-Brangle,

'Fore George ! I'll not decide.

[Towards

[Towards the close of the Air, Momus advances to him.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mom. That's fix'd then.

Jup. Yes, yes—I've wound up my bottom.

Mom. Roundly ; like a true Solomon—(*aside*) of Gotham.

Jup. But how to still their clamours—there's the matter.

Mom. Depute some Mortal for their Arbitrator ; 'Twill pull 'em down a peg.

Jup. (*rubbing his hands delighted*) 'Twill, 'twill—the flats !

I'll do't—to fiddle-strings 'twill fret their guts.

Mom. Oh ! they'll cajole you with their Ifs and Buts.

Didn't they coax you in your beer to impris'n The Dragon but for claiming what was his'n ?

A I R III. Cotillon.

When you're bosky, half-seas over,
Doxies wind you as they please ;
Thro' their eyes you then discover,
That the Moon's a huge Green-cheese.
They have their wits,
Mind their own hits ;
Nick the fit
To wheedle a bit,
With a tip
Of the lip,
And a roguish squeeze.

Jovy

Jovy, my soul!—

.What does it say?—

Fire the North Pole!

Jove's your Valet.—

When you're bosky, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jup. I was a green-horn then—no penetration—

But now I'm come to years—

Mom. (*aside*)

Not—of discretion—

[*Mercury enters hastily, and twitches Jupiter's sleeve.*]

Mer. Most Doughty—please edge this way.

Jup.

Eh! what mutter y'?

Mer. The Goddesses—at loggerheads—i' th' Buttery.

Jup. Fight dog, fight bear—I?—Blood!
I've other bus'ness:

Must *Jove* sit Judge—on Dimples—Snouts—
and Pigsnies?

Bid 'em scrub up as clean as hands can make 'em.

Mom. Shou'd they run rust—

Jup.

By *Fericho*!—I'd flake 'em.—

(*to Mercury*) Conduct them, you, to *Ida*—

There young *Paris*

Shall view, and then give Judgment, which most Fair is.

[*Jupiter and Momus confer together.*]

D

Merc.

26 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Merc. What?—*Paris of Troy,*
That Hobble-de-Hoy,
He Lord Chief Justice constituted!
If h'as guts in his brains, or in's skull eyes,
Sure, sure, this Heav'n-embroiling Prize
Cannot be long disputed.

A I R IV. Fisher.

Pallas and Juno,
All who see true, know,
Never, no never, can bear the bell.
No, chuck the Gold Pippin
Fair *Venus's* lip in,
For *Venus* herself is a Nonpareil.

[Exit.

[*Jupiter and Momus come forward, as continuing their conversation.*]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mom. What comes o'you?

Jup. Oh! I—after the inspection——
May call—to hear—which carry'd the Election.

Mom. Mum!—yonder's *Juno*—(going)

Jup. Aye,—my Message—snubs.

Mom. Now—keep it up—be sure—a few
dry rubs

Will give her Majesty—the Mulligrubs.

A I R V. Cotillon Tune.

Since 'tis writ in the volume of Fate,
That to surrender
To the Male Gender,

Females

Females must lay their account soon or late ;
She must submit has a God to her Mate.

Bounce, bounce ; *Juno* may flounce ;

Storm, and thunder ;

She'll knock under :

Rave, rave ; *Jupiter*, rave !

Master you'll be—and your Wife be a slave.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jup. (*as Juno advances*) How now, Dame
Partlet ?——

[*Enter Juno, stalking haughtily up to him ; her arms a-kimbo.*]

(*aside*) Now——she opes her Budget.

Juno. So, Sir ! Our cause——you scorn, it
seems,—to judge it.

Jup. I wash my hands o't :—woundy ticklish
Matters

These !—How decree—'twixt my own Wife and
Daughters ?

Juno. (*resentfully*) Then, Sir, who shall ?

Jup. (*having ponder'd*) Why,——*Paris*,——Son
of *Priam*,——

Ganymede's Coz——a better Judge than I am.

Juno. (*with spleen*) Finely fobb'd off ! Had it
been *Madam Semele*——

Jup. (*imperiously*) *Juno*,——go, scold your
Maids ;—do—mind your Family.

Juno. No ; with all Heav'n for my due I'd
grapple.

Were there an Orchard, mine were every Apple.

A I R VI. Arne.

Juno. (affronted)

With your Wife, Sir, ne'er dispute,
 Lady of the Manor she;
 Due to her the choicest fruit,
 Due to her the branch and tree;
 And you know she'll have her right;
 Yes, Sir, Morning, Noon, and Night.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jup. Right!—Stuff!—between us,
 None has a legal right to it, but Venus.

Juno. (much piqu'd) Fool that I was, my Husband to refer to!

Venus!—a sneaking kindness—Goat!—for Her too?

Jup. (indignant) My Daughter!

Juno. (with rancour) Wer't your Mother?

Jup. (ironically) Why my Pet Lamb
 Ought not go loose—It should be lodg'd in Bedlam.

These Maggots, Child——

Juno. (outrageous) By each new Trull supplanted!

Jup. (provok'd) I'll be divorc'd——

Juno. (obstinately) The very Thing I wanted.

A I R VII. Duo Finale. Monsigniere.

no.

Go,
 But know,
 I'll not be treated so

By

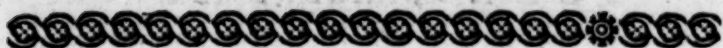
- Jup.* By you, case-harden'd Bully?
Let not your Fury gull y^r;
I'm no tame, hen-peckt Cully.
- Juno.* Ungrateful!
To sacrifice me thus!
- Jup.* More hateful
Your jealousy and fufs.
- Juno.* } Your Sister——
- Jup.* } Wou'd I'ad mist her!
- Juno.* } And your Spouse too!
- Jup.* } (*aside*) A sweet Blowze, too!
- Juno.* The Chum you pawn'd your Nuptial
Vows to!
- Jup.* Trust my House to,
And my Brows too!
- Juno.* A Blister
On your Tongue for't.
- Jup.* I'm well stung for't,
Sorely wrung for't.
- Juno.* You broke all vows—you hot Bell-
swagger!
- Jup. (aside)* That's a Dagger,
Sha'n't I gag her?
- Juno.* } To see that Num-skull
- Jup.* } (*to her*) These Wipes——
- Juno.* } Act the Swan, act the Bull,
- Jup.* } Bring Stripes.
- Juno.* } How Mortals must laugh
- Jup.* } Your sides, my Love, itch
- Juno.* } At the Goose, at the Calf.
- Jup.* } For a taste of the switch.
- Juno.* } Your { Wife } a cast-off } stale.
- Jup.* } Wife { Wife } those taunts are }
- Juno.* } Yet you { can't say black's her }
- Jup.* } { urge them tooth and } nail.

Juno. } I'll { not sit down mum } chance.
Jup. } rove, and take my }
Juno. } You shall } see the Devil dance.
Jup. } Tho' I }
Juno. More Sacks on the Mill!—no, no,
'Tis a bitter Pill—it kicks——
Jup. Jack must have his Jill—I trow;
And, as *Jove*, I will—ha' fix.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



A C T



A C T III.

S C E N E, *a Chamber in the Celestial Palace.*JUPITER *and* MOMUS.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mom. **I** Met 'em—Friesland hens! their feathers
brustling
All the wrong way. (*laughs*)

Jup. That's what they get by bustling
On the High-horse with Me——

Mom. Poor *Venus* said nought.

Jup. True——
—But—for my Jezebel, and yond' Miss Dread-
nought——

A I R I. Handel.

I'll taw them soft as old glove,
'The Drabs shall know I'm Czar above;
I wonder whence
This impudence,
To maunder at the will of Jove.
Mine are the reins—and to the bit,
Tag, Rag, and Bob-tail, shall submit.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E.

S C E N E, MOUNT IDA.

Paris is discovered admiring his own Finery.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. *C'est quelque chose cela*———no more a
Rustick scrubbish,

Paris at Court has dusted off his Rubbish.

A I R II. Arne.

But now let me flaunt it,
Rant, flirt it, and jaunt it,
Gallant it, and dress it away;
At Op'ra and Ball,
Play, Concert and All,
I warrant I carry the day.

I'll make the Folks stare
By clubbing my Hair;
I'll ogle, I'll prattle,
The dice box I'll rattle,
Lose thousands and call it mere Sport;
While Men all admire me,
All Ladies desire me,
Sweet *Paris*, the Pink of the Court!
[*Paris turns, and spies Mercury advancing.*

What chap comes here? trick'd out so nicely!

Enter to him Mercury.

(*He stands bowing at a distance.*)

Dem' mauvaise honte—So thus—concisely.

A I R

AIR III. DUET. Francesco.

Par. *Mon Enfant-ecoutez.*

Merc. Royal Swain, what d'ye say?

Par. If I may conjecture,
By garb, gait, and aspect, you're
Francois;

Merc. Nay, nay.

Par. *Au Moins*—You've made the Tour.

Merc. No sure

Your Highness means to flatter.

Par. *Pardonnez-moi*—This Hat here

Paris Cock—

Merc. No such matter

Par. Those Pumps too—*diantre!*—curious.—

Merc. *Jove's* Son, Sir—(bowing)

Par. *Vous?*

Merc. Yes; *ipurious*

Controller of his Pages,

And bear his Love-Messages.

Par. *Quoi?* Merky!—*ah! le drole!*

Merc. The same—upon my soul,

At your command.

Par. I kiss your Hand.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. But whence—and whither now?

Merc. My Errand

At present is—

Par. (taking snuff) To me—I warrant.

Merc. E'en so.

Par. (with extravagant airs of vanity)

With

With my poor person smitten ?

Merc. (*shaking his head.*) No, Sir—a matter—
You'd scarce hit on.

This Apple——(*produces the Golden Apple.*)

Par. (*much mortified*) Aye.

Merc. (Tho' no nice Fruit 'tis)

Has set by the ears three tip-top Beauties.

Th' Inscription—there's the bone——

Par. (*reads it*) TO THE FAIREST.

Merc. 'Till that point's settled——Heav'n can
ne'er rest.——

Juno, Miss *Pallas*, *Venus*—stiffly

Lay claim to't——

Par. Well—*mon cher* !

Merc.

Why, briefly—

You're nam'd their Judge——

Par. (*eyeing it contemptuously*)

A precious bawble

To set three Goddeffes—at squabble !

A I R IV. Bryan.

A Goddeffs, like an earthly Dame,
In trifles will precedence claim ;
Denied, foul language will bestow,
And turn from dearest Friend to Foe.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. But why to me this Beauty-reference ?

Merc. You, Sir, *Jove* knows,—can guess the
difference——

Betwixt—a Nymph—and a Nut-cracker——

Par. Not half so well as he,—th' old Smacker !

Merc. Him they'd think partial,—interested,
Therefore in you his Pow'r is vested.

Par.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 35

Par. What Jeopardy? — My Case quite desperate! —

Can please but one, — two must exasperate! —

Merc. Do as you like — but — leave off prating,
You keep their Goddessships a-waiting. *[Exit.]*

(Paris alone, after meditation.)

Good *Jove* direct me!

Since in this task

I'm but your mask,

I hope, Sir, you'll protect me.

[Re-enter Mercury, leading Juno, whom he announces most ceremoniously. She advances with over-strained haughtiness.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Merc. Queen *Juno*, Sir, *(bows)* *Jove's* Con-
fort —

Juno. *(imperiously)* Less Palaver.

We've other fish to fry — *[beckons Mercury away;
he sneaks off.]*

Par. *(tripping familiarly to kiss her)* Ma'am, —
by your Favour —

(She draws back with indignation.)

Juno. Meat for your Lord! — I thought you
better knew me.

Par. *(aside)* La fire! — a three pil'd Prude,
consume me!

Juno. — *(haughtily.)*

Lad, don't you feel yourself, at times, ambitious
Of Pow'r — and Wealth?

Par. *Ma foi!* they're both delicious.

Juno.

36 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Juno. Both you may have —

Par. Comment !

Juno. For me pass Sentence,
And you will bless your Stars for our Acquaintance.

A I R V. Giordani.

On Nabob's Throne despotick,
O'er Omrahs thou shalt blaze ;
Thy pomp, thy pow'r exotick
The trembling *East* amaze ;

Then shall the Chiefs from *Europe*
Court thee with gorgeous toys ;
Crouching each to hold thy Stirrup,
Proud to serve thee like Seapoys.

Par. Why—faith—She offers—like a Bidder.
Nabob !——*Bon ca !*——let me——consider : }
Bengal——a damn'd—long—voyage thither.
(*aside* Now *un grand Coup*——You're warm——
and I in Spirits——
(*to her*) 'Gad, Ma'am, let's use your Husband as
he merits.

A I R VI. Down Derry Derry.

(*To her with petulant Familiarity.*)

Sweet Revenge there is a Clue to,
Wou'd you take a Fool's advice,——
Me voici tout pret——Cornuto
We may dub him in a trice.
Dans le Bon ton——Down derry derry.

Dans

*Dans le Bon ton,
Sur le Gazon.*

[Juno in furious indignation turns fiercely upon him.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. Indeed! — Squire *Hotspur*! — two words to that Bargain.

Par. (with cutting indifference)

N'importe — There needs no farther arguing. [turns away.]

Juno. (apart) To be sent haggling here with such a Puppy!

Well, Jove, remember this, if I ben't up wi' ye.

A I R VII.

Tender Passion, gentle Love,
Cooing, murmuring like the Dove,
Shall desert my troubled breast
Until the Fairest I'm confest.

I'll shake your curtains every night,
And you shall tremble with affright;
I'll bounce, I'll flounce, I'll rant and rave,
And you shall be a very slave. [Exit in a rage.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

(Paris alone.)

Sans ceremonie, I dismiss her.
Hey, Mercury!

(Enter Mercury.)

Fetch in *Pallas* —

Merc. (bowing) Yes, Sir —

(Exit. Paris remains, humming
E Dans

Dans le Bon ton,—hey, derry derry.

Dans le Bon ton,

Sur le Gazon,

*until Mercury re-enters, introducing
Pallas. He bows and retires. She
stands fullen; Paris hops pertly up
to kiss her.)*

Par. Servant, my dear!—

(She repulses him with a violent push.)

Pal. Since when? Spruce Master

Femmy!

Par. *(aside, his hands on his breast as in pain)*

That *Peg* she had from *Broughton*—demme!

Well, *Joan of Arc*!—my frumpish Missy!

You might as well ha' let me kiss ye.

Pal. *Paris*, no Airs——That Pippin, without
musing,

Adjudge to me——

Par. *(ironically)* *Bon*; —— for your Skill in
bruising.

Pal. I'll make your Fortune:——Call me else,
Canary.

Par. My Fortune, Miss!——

Pal. Ay, in the Milita—ry.

A I R VIII. Giordani.

Thy sword, thy cannon's thunder,

Shall gain thee store of plunder!

Great *Arthur*, conquering *Ammon*,

Ne'er saw such piles of Mammon!

Raise, young *Paris*, raise thy name!

Away, away to Wealth and Fame!

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. *(having stared at her with surprise)*

Zauns, Miss—What see you in my Figure,

As if I lov'd to draw a Trigger?

A I R

A I R IX. Arne.

Let Heroes delight in the toils of the war,
 In maims, blood, and bruises and blows;
 Not a sword, but a sword-knot rejoices the Fair:
 And what are rough soldiers to Beaux?
 Away then with laurels! come Beauty and Love,
 And silence the trumpet and drum;
 Let me with soft Myrtle my brows bare inwove,
 And tenderly combat at home!

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. Dastard!—Be henceforth, (since you're for
 that duty)
 No Officer of mine.

Par. (with indifference) *Ni vous*—my Beauty.
 Now, *Merc'ry*!—let the Cyprian Belle come.

[*Enter Mercury, hands out Pallas, and introduces
 Venus; then bows, and exit. She advances,
 smirking. Paris, tho' struck with her beauty,
 trips to salute her with his usual pertness.*]

Ay this! (to her) *Permettez-moi!* (kisses her)

Ven. (frankly) And welcome.
 (leering, and chucking him under the chin)

My *Paris*! can you love?

Par. (aside) No foolish item.

Yes, Ma'am—kind souls!—I never slight 'em.

Ven. Well, there's a Judge—one Menelaus—
 in Sparta;

(A Judge's crest is—Horns—by Magna Charta)
 That Judge he hath a wife—that Wife hight Nelly.
 But such a Nell?—at ev'ry glance
 The cockles of your heart would dance,
 Warm'd as if by Vermicelli.

A I R X.

Helen if you can trepan,
 Thou of heroes shalt lead the van!
 Never dally,
 Shilli-shally;
 Faint heart ne'er fair lady won,
 Be bold, and play the Man!
 That's the plan.
 That shape, that jim rigging
 Was form'd for intriguing;
 And in foreign parts
 You'll reign King of Hearts.
 Oh, such bliss, you've no idea;
 She's a peerless Dulcinea!
 Wit delighting,
 Charms inviting,
 Youth inciting.
Helen, Helen to trepan.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. Agreed—*touchez!*—Now for a Barrel
 Of Golden Pippins—We shall never quarrel.
 I'll call the Ladies in that went hence.

*(Takes the Apple in his hand, crosses the Stage,
 and calls aloud)*

Mercury!—I'm going to pass Sentence.

*(Enter on one Side Mercury, ushering in Juno and
 Pallas; on the other, Venus alone.)*

A I R XI. Venetian Ballad.

Par. *(Bowing to Juno and Pallas.)*

Mesdames,—to speech you,
 But more might disoblige you;

I therefore

I therefore beseech you,
 Let this Action teach you
 My upright Award
 By equity squar'd,
 Not Bribe or Pelf;—
 The Pippin, on strict scrutiny,
 Rests here *,—tho' Losers mutiny.
 Fair ye to the bone are;—
 But this Belle *debonnaire*
 Is Fairness 'Self.

(Juno and Pallas walk to and fro, stomachful;
 Venus and Paris bowing and curtsying. Mercury
 stands tittering.)

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. (turning upon Paris enrag'd)
 Buzzard!—in real Beauty, Ignoramus!

Pal. (pointing to Venus)

That lewd Trull's Person was his fee to bam us.

(*Juno. menacing*) For this,—an old house o'er
 your Sconce I'll tumble.

Pal. Poltroon!—Since War you dread, its
 Din shall rumble

In both your Ears——

Merc.

Ladies!—You're not to
 grumble.——

A I R XII.

QUARTETTO. Fye now, prithee, John.

Ven. Nay, nay, prithee, Dames,
 Don't call blackguard names:

You no title had—no, nor you.

Pal. You're a jade—a dirty puss!
 And he's a rogue—has cheated us!
 But *Pallas* won't be treated thus:

Ven.

* *Placing it as a Bouquet in Venus's Bosom.*

Ven.

This you shall rue!

Par.

} A Pippin is not worth this fufs!
And what could he do?

Juno.

Do, you fool? observe my face,
My shape and air, and every grace:
The brightest Queen that e'er was seen!
What eyes had you?

(*A furious Symphony; then enter hastily Jupiter outrageously angry, the thunder-bolt in his hand.*)

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jup. (*to Juno and Pallas*)

Ye spiteful Jades!—threat not my Puny Judge,
else

For him I will, myself, take up the Cudgels—
The proudest She that with him dares to meddle,
I'll make dance *Barnaby*—without a Fiddle!

A I R XIII. Galluppi.

The Lad has well decided:
He judg'd it just as I did.—
Ye cou'd not all Three have it;
He to the FAIREST gave it;
Wherein to blame is He?
That he had eyes to see,
And that the Truth he spoke?
If still ye're stiff and sturdy,
Cocksobbs! I'll make ye smoke!—
My Choler don't provoke;
For, Zouns!—I'll have it so:—
Look to't—I'm at a word wi' ye;—
And now my mind ye know.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ven. (*to Jupiter coaxingly*)

The *Dragon*!—Dear Papa! have some regard on
him.

Jup.

Jup. (*chuckling her under the chin*) Well mov'd!
(*nodding to Mercury*) Go, set the *Dragon* free—I
pardon him.

(*Exit Mercury. Enter Dragon, making profound
obeisance to all.*)

AIR XIV. AND LAST.

SESTETTO. Vivaldi.

JUPITER, JUNO, PALLAS, VENUS, PARIS,
DRAGON.

Jup. This be the Period
Of jars—Shake fists and bufs.

Juno. } Yet, Sir, 'tis very odd,
Pal. } You'll side with her 'gainst us.

to each other. } Had you been adjudg'd it,
I ne'er shou'd ha' grudg'd it.

Jup. (*to Juno*) You Puffs,
Why grudge *Venus*?

Ven. Why to me this mortal hatred?

Par. Why to me this spleen inveterate?

Jup. } Why to her { this mortal hatred?
Dra. } { such spleen inveterate?

Ven. Beauty's my sole Gift of Nature.

Par. Justice mine.

Juno. } (*to Paris*) Yours! Venal traitor!

Pal. } (*to Venus*) Conceited creature!

Dra. } (*to Paris & Venus*) Thank her, she cou'd
give no greater.

Juno. (*aside to Pallas*) I have no patience with
such flirts.

Pal. (*aside to Juno*) Ne'er heed. We'll stick in
both their skirts.

Jup.

Fup. } Blood! don't again my passion
rouze.
Dra. } (to both) { He's your Papa, Miss, and your
Spouse.

Jup. (to ditto) If you will not be cool,
I have for Scolds a School.

Jun 0. } You see, Sir, we are cool.

Jup. That's call'd the Ducking stool.

Juno. } We shall } not need that School.
Pal. }
Dra. } They will }
Par. } You see, Sir, they are cool.

Funo. } Shake hands—We're Friends—No spite.
Pal. }

Ven. }
Par. }
Sup. } Be Friends—That's right

Jup. } Be Friends—That's right
Dra. }
Jup. } For this good hap
Dra. } We'll all get sap,
Ven. } And drain the tap.
Par. } In peace let's live,
Forget, forgive.

Jun. } (*aside to each other*) We'll make believe.
Pal. }

Fup. } This day shall
Funo. }
Pal. } be High Jubilee.
Ven. } Let this day }

Par.]
Dra.] (to the Audience)—Applaud, Applaud,
Jove's gracious Nod.



THE END.

